

As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, and stripes, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when the seeds of death are sown in his
Then, what is man? and what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head, to think himself a man?

—(Cheers.)—Oh! Slavery, thou art a bitter draught!
But more bitter still will the sting of conscience be
to those by whose acts the chains of the slave are
more firmly riveted than ever. (Hear, hear.) Those
men who, by their wicked and short-sighted policy,
have caused, and still cause, thousands of their fel-
low-men to languish and die in the chains of slavery;
—those men, air, who, to save a penny in the
pound on sugar, put the blood and sinews of their
fellow-men to rout! I say, upon such mawkish
philanthropy! 'tis indeed a bitter mockery of the
justice of the British nation. (Cheers.) The principal
steps, Mr. Chairman, to be taken towards the
accomplishment of this great and noble cause, is
in that which we, in conjunction with the other States,
are now doing. It is our bounden duty, as well
for our own protection as for the cause of humanity,
to call upon the British Government to enforce the
treaties made with Spain and the Brazil for the total
suppression of this nefarious traffic. (Hear, hear.)
Let petition upon petition be piled upon the table of
the House of Commons, let the British Government be
made aware of the premium she is holding out to
slavery, (hear, hear,) and of the deep injury she is
inflicting on her own colonies. If these treaties are
enforced, we may again hope to see Jamaica regain
her pristine vigor, and resume her wonted station as
the queen of the Antilles. (Cheers.) Let us then
join heart and soul in this cause—let us petty jealousy
disarm us in carrying out this great principle—
but let us, with one accord, give a long pull,
a strong pull, and a pull together, for the hurling to
destruction this curse of the earth! (Cheers.) And
now, Mr. Chairman, the following is the resolution
which I have the honor to propose:

Resolved, That this meeting calls upon her Majesty's Government to at once and earnestly enforce the
terms of the treaties referred to, and thus forever ex-
tinguish the horrid traffic in human flesh at present
carried on; or should such a course be deemed politi-
cally inexpedient, then to call upon the British Parlia-
ment to exclude from the British market all sugar
produced by slave labor, thereby discontinuing the
direct encouragement given to the man-stealer, and
the enriching of a trade so universally and justly ex-
ecrated.

Mr. Wm. Dixon seconded the resolution, and it was
carried by acclamation.

From the Boston Republican.

DR. PEABODY VS. ANTI-SLAVERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPUBLICAN:

Sir,—The July number of the Christian Exami-
ner contains an article from the pen of the Rev. Dr.
Peabody upon the slavery question, under the title
of "The Free Soil Movement." The article, which
contains some remarks, is a new kind of literature,
destined to occupy no small space among American
publications.

It is curious, and withal quite instructing to any
one familiar with the anti-slavery agitation from its
commencement to the present time, to note the ac-
tion of prominent public men, from time to time, as
some one or other is impelled by the force of cir-
cumstances, his interest, or his ambition, to address
the public with his thoughts, or apologies on this all-
engrossing topic. Usually the course is ostensibly
to define the position, and to note the action of
the public, and to state the course which he, as a
member of the public, would take. But the true mo-
tive, judging from the usual amount of twaddle ex-
pended, really is, and intended to operate as a dis-
couragement of all and sundry action on the slavery
question at the present time, to note the action of
the public, and to state the course which he, as a
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member of the public, would take.

In this respect, the article of Dr. Peabody offers
no variety, and substantially reiterates the old pro-
slavery cry of non-interference on the part of the
North, and recommends only the policy of a "mild
inactivity." The old objection against the radical
abolitionists, of using the King's English legiti-
mately, of selecting the appropriate term to signify
the real fact, is dwelt upon at length, and with an
unction, by Dr. Peabody. Hardened non-stealers,
and incorrigible sinners, should not be deterred by
such, but the phrasing should be sufficiently di-
luted, softened, and distorted, to suit the fastidious
taste of the offenders. He who is an habitual pic-
ket-maker, according to universal authority, be
called a thief,—but he who habitually and contin-
ually robs men of themselves, of their wives, their
children, their responsibilities, and their God; these
wholesale violators of all moral law, and every
Christian precept, must, forsooth, be addressed with
great tenderness, and with all respect. The great
crime of slaveholding must be softened and shaded
away, to crumple the indignation of the just.

The Free Soil party, in consequence of the very
homophonic portion of anti-slavery which party has
inherited and adopted, excites the Rev. Doctor's
fears, no less than the old out-spoken abolitionists.
Hence, off all you gentlemen of the North, you only
embarrass the real anti-slavery workers of the South,
who, by the way, exist only in the Doctor's imagina-
tion, or if they do, have as yet given no visible sign
of life.

In answer to the question, "by whom is the work
to be done?" Dr. Peabody says—"It becomes obvi-
ous that the burden and heat of the day is not to be
borne by 'gentlemen of letters' who make speeches
in Faneuil Hall or the Tabernacle, nor by members
of anti-slavery societies, nor by any persons at the
North." "If slavery is to be removed, it must be at
the final stage through legislative action in the slave
States, and over this, the influence of the North
has only a slight and remote influence." "How, then,
are we to regard the friends of freedom at the South?"
They comprise the only class of anti-slavery men
whose existence is absolutely vital and essential to
freedom! "Freedom can dispense with the efforts
of all others, but not with these." Dr. Peabody con-
tinues—"One of the questionable things, whether
it has or has not compensating advantages, we do
not pretend to say—about the Free Soil party is,
we fear, its tendency to cripple the friends of freedom
in the slave States." "It arrays section against
section, the North against the South, and the South
man who is opposed to slavery, feels compelled, by
all those social instincts, which are more powerful
than our reasonings, to unite with his neighbors
against what seems to them all the organized ag-
gression of strangers."

We have made a lengthy extract, and it comprises
the substance of Dr. Peabody's philosophy
and policy of emancipation. Is it the true philoso-
phy—is it the right policy—is it the manly, Chris-
tian action, that is demanded of us here at the North?

These are questions which the times demand
of every man an answer, carefully thought,
honestly considered, and manfully expressed.
To answer these questions understandingly and
correctly, to decide whether the anti-slavery agita-
tion here at the North has retarded or hastened
emancipation, and of course our duty in relation
to the whole subject, it is necessary to extend
our view over the period of the past thirty years,
and compare the feelings and opinions, both here
and in the slave States, on the slavery question,
then and now. Has any change occurred in the
views of prominent men, and of the masses, on the
slavery question, since 1832? If so, as I think
will be admitted on all hands, both South and North,
what is the primary or principal cause which has
wrought this change? Let the facts answer.

In 1830, the Missouri controversy terminated in
favor of the slave power. The North experienced,
what on all hands was considered, a Waterloo de-
feat. The contest between slavery and freedom
terminated—was abandoned on the part of the
North, and given up as a hopeless controversy. There-
after, it was generally conceded that the slave power
should have its own way in all things pertaining
to slavery. Not a syllable of anti-slavery was pub-
licly uttered, from one end of the country to the
other. The whole question, for more than ten years,
was, by tacit consent, left to the providence of God,
and the chapter of accidents, so far as the North
was concerned. The doom of slavery was consid-
ered fastened on the country, past all doubt. This
was the faith of the nation in 1831, say, and long
after that. What is the prevailing faith of the
lovers of freedom, and the prevailing fear of the
supporters of slavery? I need not say at this time;
no intelligent man at the North doubts that slavery
is doomed, and must ere long be abolished; nor is
there an intelligent slaveholder at the South, who
doubts that the same result will be reached. As a
man thinks, so he acts, and as a nation thinks,
so will its laws be. We know the thought

of the nation up to 1830—and the signs of the pres-
ent times leave but little doubt that its thought now
is, or soon will be.

In 1830, emancipation was unthought of,—no one
advocated it,—and whatever expectations were en-
tertained, had passed quietly away, and left no trace.
How it now is! Whig and Democrat, priest and
politician, the doctors of divinity, and the model
statesmen of the entire North, claim to be detesta-
ble of slavery, and lovers of emancipation; and
however hypocritical may be the pretence of many
of these dignitaries, yet the fact that these claims
are put forth by the political and priestly barometers,
shows the state of the moral atmosphere. "Assume
a virtue if you have it not," is an old adage, well un-
derstood by ambitious men.

Now, what has caused this revolution in public
sentiment—driven the two political parties from their
former positions, and brought into action a third party,
which holds the balance of power, and places
public men and parties under a sufficient bond for
good behavior? Are we indebted to Henry Clay
in this matter, the author of the Missouri compro-
mise? The last we heard from him previous to his
recent letter to Richard Pindell, was in the United
States Senate, where he emphatically and explicitly
declared his opposition to any scheme of emancipation
whatever, either gradual or immediate. Nor has the
church or political parties been instrumental in
causing this change in public sentiment; but on the
contrary, politicians and sectarians of every hue and
grade have uniformly strenuously and put back this
rising spirit of anti-slavery among the people. No—
to none of these can honestly be laid the respon-
sibility of the prevalence of an anti-slavery feeling
and action throughout this land; but to those
impracticable, outspoken anti-slavery men and women,
who first raised the standard of non-resistance to
slaveholding, and who have given the slaveholder no
license to perpetrate slavery forever. Calumnious
slanders could not ask a larger admission in favor of
the institution of slavery, than that so gratuitously made
by this great apostle of temperance. It is on this
account that we have felt it to be our duty to expose
and denounce the course which he has taken. His
great popularity as a temperance man, and his high
standing as a priest and philanthropist, ought not,
and shall not, shield him from the rebuke which his
unwarrantable and injurious course richly merits. If
an angel from heaven should hurl himself against
the cause of freedom, and cast his influence against
the oppressor and tyrant of our land, his words
should be no better than that of Father Mathew. Oh,
when will men learn that there is a God in the
universe, and that He cannot look upon sin with
utterly at variance with reason and the facts of the
case. The friends of freedom at the South, of
course I exclude Western Virginia, Kentucky,
Tennessee and Missouri, if they have yet any ex-
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on the action of the Free Soil party at the North,
that they never will speak out for freedom and
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The actual truth of the whole matter is, that it is
to the free States first, and principally, that we shall
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slavery, on the one hand, and the victory of the North,
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of negro slavery.

If any thing were wanting, aside from its intrin-
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an editorial in the Boston Atlas, stuffed with over-
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But the Free Soil movement will embarrass the
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course I exclude Western Virginia, Kentucky,
Tennessee and Missouri, if they have yet any ex-
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that they never will speak out for freedom and
emancipation, unless Free Soil principles triumph at
the North. They are at present as friends in the
beleaguered citadel, too few to influence action, and
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South, if any such there really are, cannot yet
move a finger in the cause of emancipation, against
the overwhelming odds that surrounds them.

The actual truth of the whole matter is, that it is
to the free States first, and principally, that we shall
be indebted, if at all, for the peaceful overthrow of
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and not in the disarmed and fettered South, for
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country of the burden, the wrong, and the disgrace
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POETRY.

For the Liberator.

VOICES FROM THE HILL.

To the lone hill-top
I had clambered up,
To gaze on the beautiful scenes which lay
In their verdure and bloom, far away
Stretching into the distance
Of the distant horizon.

From my seat so high
I looked at the sky,
While life-giving Sol his warm glances
(Seeming to me like golden dances)
Threw with a bountiful hand
On the hill, in the valley.

The hill had no trees;
But the cool sea breeze
Played there ever in pride and in gloe—
Oh! it solemnly whispered to me,
Milling my soul with music
Of unwonted melody.

Then o'er my rap soul
Died a loud song roll,
Chorus of all those things of beauty,
Singing to me of life and duty.
Into silence passed the song,
And alone passed every voice.

Thus first said the hill:
'With a right good will
To the storm and the sun-burnt brow,
Feeling no ill, for from all shalt thou
Reap strength for thy life-long toil,
And strength thou wilt need, Oh! man.'

And the landscape gay
This to me did say:
'What though skies shall gloom and clouds pour rain,
Soon shall the bright sun shine forth again,
Giving thy soul verdant bloom,
Which else shall be waste and dear.'

The bright sun spoke out
With an awful shout:
'Let thy light and truth, in deeds sublime,
Brightly shine forth throughout all thy time,
Dispelling dark Error's mists,
Which now the earth overhangs.'

Said the breeze to me,
'If faint thou shalt be,
Oh! higher ascend the mount of God,
(Seldom, alas! are its summits trod),
There will thy faintness leave thee,
There may'st thou renew thy youth.'

Stronger my soul grew;
Far its weakness flew;
With a stern purpose I vowed 'I obey
The teachings of love I heard that day,
Working bravely till the night
Of death shall redeem my vow. A. G. C.

From the London People's Journal.

SOUL-UTTERANCES.

Addressed to the hard-workers.

Oh! struggle to live a holy life—
That struggle shall bring thee joy;
Shall clothe thee with conscious dignity,
As doth a great employ.

Not the holy life hypocrites feign,
But that which is one with right;
Not that which effeminates the soul,
But clothes it with masculine might!

Oh! struggle to live a life of Truth
Responsive to thy soul;
Let it dictate direct thy destiny,
Its voice alone control.

Fear not, though thy pathway lie
Through poverty, peril and pain,
It leads where even Ambition's eye
Hath labored to look in vain.

Oh! struggle to live a life of Faith:
Let thy forehead face the sky;
And ever walk the way you gaze—
The feet will follow the eye.

Oh! walk no longer behind the great,
Nor wear the world's livery;
Exhorte thy soul—let it keep its state—
Degrade not thy dignity.

Oh! struggle to live a life of Hope:
Who walks among the stars,
Shall not be shaken by worldly winds,
Or earth's distracting jars.

Oh! struggle to live a life of Love—
'Tis love that maketh great;
Genius is but a living love,
Love only can create.

Like the latent life in the hidden seed,
Love-breaketh the stubborn soil,
Grows up in the face of bickering blasts,
Yet seemeth not to toil.

Love maketh the world its own—
Yes, more, even Heaven above;
Love is the legitimate monarch of might—
The spirit of life is love.

Oh! sternly struggle on,
For all things yield to the soul;
Even time, and fate, and destiny,
All bow to this control.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE BIGOT AND THE SHAKER.

Bigot.—Salvation is of us, the bigot cried,
Accept, and live! or perish in your pride!
Salvation is of us—we are the church;
Seek heaven here, or else give up the search.

Shaker.—How many, reverend sir, are on your roll,
Of all earth's millions spread pole to pole?
B.—Why, one in twenty thousand, less or more,
Is seeking heaven through ours, the only door.

S.—If none are saved but you, and all else damned,
Then heaven runs no risk of being framed;
But of those few who form your congregation,
How many souls are certain of salvation?

B.—Not one in five, succeeding in his search,
Finds a new heart, repents, and joins the church;
—Art married?
B.—Yes, thank God! I have a wife,
And ten dear children, blessings of my life.

Reformatory.

THE ENTERING WEDGE.

'This church (Second Congregational) and people have ever maintained the primitive principles of permanency in the sacred relation of pastor and people. They have ever proceeded upon the primitive principle of Congregationalism in settling their pastors for life. The six months' notice, that entering wedge to trouble and schism, they have wisely kept far from them, and thus avoided an incalculable train of evils.'—Extracts from Rev. D. Andrews' Centennial Sermon. Pepperell—1847.

Ms. Error.—A wise church that, that is possessed of sufficient sagacity to keep out all wedges that have ever so distant an approximate tendency to rive the solidarity of the organization, or weaken the relation of pastor and people! A life-lease of a pulpit in this church-going community is a valuable source of the one thing needful, and where that "entering wedge" has been carefully avoided, there seemingly can be nothing to interrupt the harmony and good understanding between a priest and his people.

But I apprehend there are other wedges besides a 'six months' notice' that will, before long, under the connection of this pastor and people. I am sure this church has never striven harder to keep out the 'six months' notice' than their minister and a minority of the church have to keep out light and truth, and the duties light and truth impose. Your correspondence with Mr. C. has laid before the readers of the Liberator, the puerile effort of the Rev. Mr. Andrews to prevent Miss Stone from pleading the cause of the dumb, the down-trodden sons and daughters of Africa held in this pious land as 'chattels personal'; and they now find, tauntingly, in the face of the Unitarians, the sacrilegious fact, that they (the Unitarians) 'let every thing into their house that comes along.'

I know, and to their everlasting credit be it recorded, they let Mr. J. M. Spear into their house a few weeks since, and more recently Miss Lucy Stone, and on other occasions they have courteously opened their house for temperance and other reformatory measures; and I congratulate the liberty-loving and cant-hating portion of my fellow-citizens, that we have no fear of discussion, examination, inquiry—one minister sufficiently baptized in the fount of liberty and the love of mankind, to hazard the consequences of reading an anti-slavery notice.

Our late effort in the slave's cause was a good one. It had a mighty wedge-like appearance, and a mighty wedge-like effect. It was just what we needed, a faithful prompting to duty in behalf of the bond slave. Miss Stone was remarkably felicitous; and a more attentive audience I never witnessed. 'Thou almost persuadest me,' was the spirit and language of some of our best citizens; and why should it not be so? When people are allowed to see the awful sins of slaveholding, and the awful wrongs of slavery, they will repudiate the whole system. But there are so many who are employed and paid for throwing dirt into the eyes of seeing men and women, that the price of success in any good cause is eternal vigilance.

The politicians are wheeling about with remarkably good humor, and all we have to contend with is the old church oligarchy, whose dead carcasses of piety lie stretched across the track of the emancipation cars. While these cars were conducted by the maggot that feed upon the putrescent marrow, they were always putting back under one pretence or another, while the real motive was to save the old carcass. Now that the brake is in other hands, the old cry of 'infidelity' is studiously circulated; and traducing the motives and characters of those they dare not hear, is both prayer and praise. 'You are not going to hear that woman, are you?' said one of my neighbors to another. 'She is an infidel—she don't believe the Bible.'

'She ought not to be allowed to speak,' said another church member. 'She is a liar,' says another. 'She ought to be ridden out of town on a rail,' says a fourth. 'She may suit a few of a certain class,' says a fifth. This is the language of men and women of the Evangelical church, whom their pastor calls God's people in his sermons. How much like God's people it would appear to see these dear Christians trying Miss Stone on a rail, and then shouldering her, and thus conveying her out of town, say down to bro. Estes, in Groton! How little men and women realize about 'rail-riding'—not permitting a person to be heard! Are they aware that they are encouraging the most lawless disorder? Are not such the real no-government men? In a word, this town has been most thoroughly shaken, and it needed such a shaking. There are some good men and true among us, and that number is fast increasing. The wedge has entered the Orthodox church, even, and some of its worst members already are denounced as but little better than the writer of this article. In the old iron-hearted church of Orthodoxy there is no hope, but in her bosom repose many noble souls, many great hearts, who cannot be confined in the whitewashed sepulchres of modern piety. They will ere long break the cement of their living graves, and come forth in recreation strength, working earnestly in the bond slave's behalf, whose cause must take precedent in the order of human redemption. The low abuse and vile reproaches of the jockeying and gaming portion of our traducers shall yet whip their better neighbors to nobler deeds and bolder measures. They know the cause is just. They know the church is false. They feel ashamed of the hoodwinking policy of Mr. Andrews, and they will yet prove more dangerous than many wedges. They will ignite the masses, which are little else than sectarians, void of thought, void of humanity. These are the supple tools in the hands of the priest.

'Who bend the pliant hinges of their knees,
That thrill my aid forth fanning.'

It is by their aid that Mr. Andrews governs the great and good hearts that are scattered over his parish, like verdant shamrock and surrounding heath. They love peace in the church, and they love God also. They love mankind every where, and as the slave's wall pierces their quick ear, they sigh for a wedge of sufficient dimensions to split them away from a slaveholding, slave-loving church, and a timid, time-serving priesthood.

Wood's Retreat, August, 1849.

TEMPERANCE DISCOURSE.

BY HERKIMER HUNKIN.

TEXT.—'Temperance is a good thing; but a glass of spirit is as good now as ever it was.'—Proverbs of Sober.

My FRIENDS—You will readily perceive that our text contains two distinct propositions. These are both equally true—but not equally important; not both equally valuable; not equally beneficial in their results to the human race. In the ordinary course of events, one blesses, the other curses the family of man. Let us briefly consider them in their order.

I. Temperance is a good thing. This truth is universally acknowledged. The cold water-man, the drunkard, the saint, the sinner; the learned, the unlearned; the wise, the foolish; all join in unison to declare the blessed results of temperance to the human family. No effort is demanded of 'us' to prove the truth of this proposition. Every body knows it is indispensable to health and happiness. What if no one could be found to speak in its praise? What if the mass of men were opposed to it? Would this circumstance lessen the truth of our proposition? Certainly not. It is a truth, with or without the universal 'say so.' Temperance is a blessing; it ever was, and ever will be a priceless blessing to the world. The truth of our proposition is absolute, eternal. No testimony can in any way affect this truth.

II. A glass of spirit is as good now as ever it was.

True. So is a dose of arsenic. The same may be said of bowie-knives, pistols, bomb-shells, and all other instruments of death—they are just as good now as they ever were. War, pestilence, famine, have lost none of their virtues. The Asiatic cholera is as good now as it ever was. Zachary Taylor's fall is no more made it any worse or any better—it has not in any way affected it. The same may be said of slavery and the slaveholder—as good as ever—no better.

The army and navy; the American government; the church and clergy. So think the clergy are improving. Perhaps they are. There is much room for improvement. Still are they lamentably in the rear—as far behind the times as they ever were.

The gallows—the special object of their care and protection—is as good now as ever—negative praise, and every fact good in the world, and they never will. So of all the ills which flesh is heir to; so of the causes of these ills. Intoxicating drinks must be better than they ever were—must be made wholesome before they will be suitable for the human (or any other) stomach. This cannot be done. All the evils we have enumerated must be banished from the world. It is useless to 'daub with untempered mortar.' Amen!

ANOTHER WARNING.

LANCASTER, PA., Aug. 20th, 1849.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON: DEAR SIR:—Through the kindness of a friend, I frequently read your interesting paper, the 'Liberator.' In the number of August 17th, I saw several paragraphs, giving 'Warning to Sabbath Breakers'—'Warning to Wednesday Breakers'—and 'Warning to Pork Eaters.' Now, I write this to add another case on the list, viz:—Last night, an alderman of this city went to church, and while there, a burglar entered his house, and robbed his desk of a large amount of money (upwards of \$500). Now, this I think ought to be a warning to church goers. Had the squire stayed at home, and watched his property, this robbery would not have been committed. Therefore, I think this ought to be added to the list of 'Warnings.' Yours, very respectfully,

A FRIEND.

Miscellaneous.

Translated for the New York Tribune.

Kossuth's Proclamation to his Countrymen.

The National Government to the People: Our Fatherland is in danger. The Austrian Emperor, to arms! to arms! If we believed the country could be saved by ordinary means, we would not cry that it is in danger. If we stood at the head of a cowardly, childish nation, which in the hour of peril prefers defeat to defence, we would not sound the alarm-bell. But because we know that the people of our land compose a manly nation, determined to defend itself against the most unrighteous oppression, we call out in the loudest voice, 'Our Fatherland is in danger.' Because we are sure that the nation is able to defend its hearths and homes, we announce the peril in all its magnitude, and appeal to our brethren, the men of God and their country, to look the danger boldly in the face, and for each man to take his weapon in his hand. We say it plainly, that unless the nation rises to a man with bold resolve, prepared to shed the last drop of blood, all our previous struggles will have been in vain, for the yoke of slavery, and of all its horrors, will be fastened upon our necks, and the eagle of Austria, our Fatherland will be crushed to the earth, and on the soil where rest the ashes of our ancestors, which Heaven has destined for a free inheritance to our children, on this soil the Russian knot will be welded over a people reduced beneath the yoke of slavery. Yes, we declare it openly and without reserve, that if the people do not rise in their united strength, they must fall a prey to famine. He who is not pierced by the weapons of the barbarous foe, must fall by hunger; for the wild invaders not only mow down the fruits of our industry, the ripened slaves of your harvest, but we tear you, bleeding hearts, like the savage hosts of Russia destroy the unripe grain, trample it under their feet, and strew it over their accursed camp. So stalk they murderously onward, leaving slaughter, flame, misery and famine in their track. Wherever the Russian troops appear, ploughing and sowing, and reaping, and threshing, and robbing, and thus the fruits of your bloody industry.

But, with our trust in the God of righteousness, we declare that the peril of our Fatherland will not be fatal, if the people do not cowardly surrender; if they bravely rise for the defence of their country, their families, their wives and children, their own lives, armed with axe and scythe, with clubs, even nothing but a stone, they are strong enough, and the Russian bandits brought into our dear Fatherland by the Austrian emperor, will be driven forth to the last man, by the avenging arm of the free Hungarian people. If we were to turn our eyes to the danger, we shall thereby save us one from its power. If we represent the matter as it is, we make our country master of its own fate. If the breath of life is in our people, they will save themselves and their Fatherland. But, if paralyzed by coward fear, they remain supine, all will be lost. God will help no man who does not help himself. Freed by our sense of duty, we tell you, people of Hungary, that the Austrian emperor, sends the hordes of Russian barbarians for your destruction. We tell you that a Russian army of 46,000 men have invaded our Fatherland, from Galicia through Arva, Zips, and Szekes, and are now pressing forward ready for battle. We tell you beside that, in Seutenbergen, Russian troops have entered from Bukovina and Moldavia, with whom our army has already had bloody conflict. We tell you that, relying on Russian aid, the Wallachian rebellion has again broken out. We tell you that the Austrian emperor has collected his last forces to crush the Hungarian nation. We tell you once more, fellow-countrymen, although it is as certain as God in heaven, that if the Russians succeed in conquering our Hungarian Fatherland, the subjugation of every nation in Europe will be the consequence. We can expect no foreign aid; the rulers who look upon the righteous struggle with coldness and silence, will chain up the sympathies of their people. We can hope in nothing but a just God and our own strength. If we do not use our strength, God will not use his. We must therefore, before us, yet if we meet them bravely, we shall obtain freedom, happiness, prosperity and renown. The ways of Divine Providence are hidden. Through strife and sufferings, it leads the nations to felicity. The struggle of Hungary is not our struggle alone. Our victory is the victory of freedom for the nations. Our downfall is the downfall of their freedom.

God has chosen us to redeem the people from national bondage by our victory, as Christ has redeemed humanity from spiritual bondage. If we conquer the hordes that tyrants have poured out upon us, our victory will give freedom to the Italians, the Germans, the Poles, the Czechs, the Wallachians, the Clavians, the Servians, and the Croats. If we succumb, the star of freedom sets over all nations. Thus do we feel ourselves to be the consecrated champions of the freedom of the nations. May this feeling strengthen in our bosoms the force of noble resolve, and give new vigor to the yearnings of our heart; may this power rescue the Fatherland for our children, rescue the life-free of freedom, which, if it is now cut down by the accursed axe of the two imperial tyrants, can never take root again. People of Hungary! would you die under the destroying sword of the barbarian Russian? If not, break out in blood, and rescue the Fatherland from the hands of the distant tramp, under foot the dishonored bodies of your fathers, your wives and your children? If not, defend yourselves! Do you wish that a part of your fellow countrymen should be dragged away to far-off Siberia, or to fight for tyrants in a foreign land, and another part should write in slavery beneath a Russian scourge? If not, defend yourselves! Would you see your villages in flames, and your harvest fields in ruins? Would you die of hunger on the soil which you have cultivated with sweat and blood? If not, defend yourselves!

(Here follows the organization of the 'crusade' against the 'barbarous hordes'.)

The people will be summoned from the pulpit and by the ringing of the bells. He who has no fire-arms must seize an axe or a scythe. He is no Hungarian, but a wretched Czarist, who chooses his weapons.

Does not take the first that comes to his hand. Whoever the Russians appear, the bells will ring to arms. The people will be summoned from the pulpit and by the ringing of the bells. He who has no fire-arms must seize an axe or a scythe. He is no Hungarian, but a wretched Czarist, who chooses his weapons.

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